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Home Missionary Fence-Corners.

(Grace M. Clark, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'How many of you have made your plans to raise money for home-missionary work?' asked Miss Brown of her Endeavorers one morning in May. Several hands went up.

'I'm going to work out the garden at five cents an hour,' said Jim.

'Nannie and I are going to sweep and dust the shop at twenty-five cents a week,' said the milliner's daughter.

'I'm going to mind the chickens off the garden,' said small Charlie, whose folks had just moved in, and had not yet built their fences.

All the Endeavorers reported some way of earning missionary money except one freckled-faced girl on the back seat.

'Don't you want to help, Priscilla?' asked Miss Brown.

'Yes'm,' said Priscilla meekly. She hadn't the least idea of what home-missionary work was, but she was used to helping with all sorts of home work as a matter of course.

Miss Brown spent a few minutes in telling the Endeavorers of the ignorance and the very wretched homes of the people she wanted them to help. Meanwhile she watched Priscilla's face, and saw a queer expression which she couldn't interpret, but she was glad to see any kind of expression there. The face had been discouraging in its irresponsiveness.

After the society was dismissed, Miss Brown had a little talk with Priscilla.

'Isn't there something you can do at home to earn a little money? Can't you take care of the baby, or sweep, or dust, or even work in the garden?' she asked.

'Yes'm, I do all that, of course,' said Priscilla; 'but they don't never pay me nothin' for it.'

'Where do you live?'

'At the head of Cow Bell Holler.'

'You have a garden? Couldn't you raise some sunflowers? I know a man that will buy all the seed you can raise.'

'Yes'm,' replied Priscilla.

'Then I'll come to see you pretty soon, and bring the seeds, and show you how to plant them. Good-by.'

Monday was a half-holiday for Miss Brown. Resisting an inclination to stay at home and sleep, she resolutely turned her face in the direction of Cow Bell Hollow. She had been in the mountains only a few months, and had been too busy with her typewriter to learn anything about them outside of her immediate neighborhood. Lickburg, where she worked, was a thriving little village that had come in the wake of a railway recently built up to the Contrary Creek coal-mines. Thrifty farms stretched along the creek as far as one could see; but that wasn't far, for the mountains closed in abruptly. But Miss Brown had got the idea during her short residence in Lickburg that the whole country round about was about as prosperous as the country from which she came.

To-day, however, as she went up Contrary Creek to Calaboose Branch, and up the branch

PRISCILLA PLIED THE HOE VIGOROUSLY.

to Cow Bell Hollow, and up the hollow to Priscilla Gorby's home, she ceased to wonder that the girl was hopeless as to raising home-missionary money. The little farm that Mr. Gorby ''tended' was tipped up edgewise from the creek bed to meet the sky, and great rocks on its upper boundary threatened to tumble down and demolish the little log house.

'Silly! Silly!' chimed a chorus of children's voices, as Miss Brown climbed the rail fence surrounding the yard; 'here comes a woman.'

'This is poorer than the homes I told the Endeavorers about yesterday,' thought Miss Brown. 'I wonder what Priscilla thought of me.'

Priscilla seemed glad to see her guest, however. She took her into the one stifling room, containing three beds and some chairs, and invited her to 'rest her hat.'

'I named it to papa about raising them sunflowers,' said Priscilla; 'but he 'lowed he needed all this scope of land to make a living off of.'

Miss Brown ''lowed so, too; but she said cheerfully; 'Maybe we can find some other way. May I have some of those ferns in the fence-corner?' she asked, looking out through the back door.

'Yes'm,' replied Priscilla wonderingly. Half her summer days had been given to rooting ferns out of the garden. What in the world could anybody want with them?

As Miss Brown gathered the ferns, a thought came to her.

'Your father doesn't use the ground in the fence-corner,' she said; 'couldn't we have that?'

'I reckon so,' said Priscilla doubtfully.

Mr. Gorby just then appeared, and graciously consented to donate the fence-corners for the home-missionary purposes. Priscilla brought a heavy, dull, short-handled hoe, and plied it vigorously, while Miss Brown pulled ferns, blackberry roots, sassafras, and poison ivy. The seeds were carefully planted, and Miss Brown, after courteously declining repeated invitations to stay all night, went home with tired muscles and rested nerves.

It would take a long time to tell of all the good that grew in those fence-corners, for Priscilla and others. Her big brother Scott, learning that the young merchant at Lickburg would buy sunflower seed for his chickens, saved a dime from tobacco-money to invest in seeds to plant. He and his father could not let 'Silly' outdo them in clean farming, and there resulted a decided improvement all over the place, enough, probably, to compensate for the draft the strong-growing sunflowers made on the shallow soil. Mr. Gatliffe, who owned the farm on which the Gorbys lived, went up to the upper end of his pasture one day to mow the sassafras and blackberry briers in his fence-corners. That night he said to his wife:

'I did 'low I wouldn't have Green Gorby on

my place another year, but I reckon I'll have to let him stay. They are farming right clean to the fence-corners.'

The sunflowers brightened the little yard wonderfully, and the bees found pasture there in the dull time after sourwood and chestnut dropped their white blossoms.

Better than all, Priscilla had an interest that connected her with the outside world; and Miss Brown, having learned something of the various kinds of poverty that surrounded her, knew better how to reach her starved soul. Priscilla never became an eloquent member of the society, but she gained something better for her than eloquence.

But the best thing came late in summer. A young extension worker came from a school in the edge of the mountains to Lickburg, with a commission from a rich, eccentric old lady to find a mountain girl poor enough actually to need help in getting an education. He applied to Miss Brown for advice, and she told him of Priscilla and her sunflowers.

'She is the girl,' said he.

Martha, the second of Green Gorby's numerous daughters, was old enough to take Priscilla's place as chief baby-tender and general manager in the home, and she also assumed the responsibility of harvesting and marketing the sunflower seeds. Priscilla, with one good calico dress for every day, which she washed out on Saturdays, and another for Sunday, went out into the great world beyond the mountains. The eccentric old lady would have kept her in school for several years; but the sense of responsibility fostered by her lifelong caring for her younger brothers and sisters made Priscilla think of others, and at the end of the year she asked that the lady's bounty might be transferred to Martha. The sunflower farmer came home in the spring, and found work as Miss Brown's office assistant. Her intimate acquaintance with the mountain people made her a valuable home-missionary assistant, too. Out of gratitude for all that came to her with the blossoming of her sunflowers, she has used her few talents in helping other people to make the most of their fence-corners, and her neighbors' children have risen up to call her blessed.

The Message of the Master at Prayer.

(J. R. Miller, D.D., in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

When General Gordon was with his army in Khartoum it is said that there was an hour every day when a white handkerchief lay over his tent door. While that signal was there no one, however high his rank, ever approached the tent. The most urgent business waited outside. Everyone knew that Gordon was at prayer within the tent, and not a man nor an officer came near until the handkerchief was lifted away.

There is always a sacredness about prayer. We instantly withdraw if unawares we suddenly come upon one engaged in prayer. We are awed into reverence when we see any one, however humble, bowing in prayer. But the sight of Christ at prayer touches us with still deeper awe. We uncover our heads, and take off our shoes, and stand afar off in reverent hush while he bows before his Father and communes with him. Yet no figure is more familiar in the Gospels than the Master at prayer.

It brings Christ very near to us to see him in this holy posture. We think of him as the Son of God, as having in himself all power, all blessing, all comfort, and all divine fulness, and as not needing to ask even his Father for anything. But when he became man he accepted all our life. He lived as we must live. He was dependent on God, as we are, for help, for strength, for deliverance in temptation, for all blessing and good. He prayed as we do, pleading earnestly as he taught us to do. When we think how completely and fully Jesus entered into all our life of trust and dependence we get a vivid impression of his closeness to us. And if he, the Son of man, who knew no sin, who was also Son of God, needed to pray so continually how can any of us, weak, sinful, needy, with empty lives, get along without prayer?

In a sense, Jesus was always at prayer. His communion with God was never interrupted for a moment. One of Paul's exhortations is, 'Pray without ceasing.' Our Lord fulfilled this ideal. He was not always on his knees. He passed most of his days in exhausting service. But in all his ministry of love he never ceased to pray.

He was not always asking favors of his Father. That is the only kind of praying some people know anything about. They pray only when they are in trouble, and want to be helped out of it. But that is a very small part of true prayer. We want to be with our own friends as much as we can. Though we have no request to make of them, we like to talk with them of things in which we are both of us interested, or even to sit in silence without speech.

'Rather, as friends sit sometimes hand in hand,
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their eyes;
So in soft silence let us oftener bow,
Nor try with words to make God understand.
Longing is prayer; upon its wings we rise
To where the breath of heaven beats upon our brow.'

Some friends wanted to know how the holy Bengel prayed, and watched him at his devotions one night. He opened his New Testament and read slowly and silently, very often pausing in meditation, or as if listening to the voice of gentle stillness. There was a glow in his features, and frequently he would look up as if he saw a face his watchers could not see. Thus an hour passed. He had not once been on his knees, nor had he been heard to utter a word. Then he closed the book, saying only, 'Dear Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms,' and went to his bed. That was truest prayer. That is what it is to pray without ceasing,—to be always near enough to God to talk with him, always to be drinking in his love even in our busiest hours.

But, while Jesus prayed thus without ceasing, there were many occasions of special prayer in his life. Again and again he went apart from men to be alone with God. He spent whole nights in communion beneath the silent stars.

'Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer.'

It will be interesting to notice some of the occasions on which Jesus prayed. The first of these was at the time of his baptism. Whatever else his baptism meant, it was his consecration to the work of his Messiahship. He knew what it involved. He saw the cross yonder, but he voluntarily entered on his course of love and sacrifice. As he was being baptized he prayed, and the heaven was opened, and the Holy Spirit descended in a bodily form, as a dove, upon him. His praying that hour showed his desire for the divine anointing to prepare him for his great work.

This example of Jesus teaches us to seek divine blessing as we begin our life work, also as we enter any new calling, as we accept any new responsibility. People sometimes forget that they need divine anointing for what they call secular work. They want God's Spirit to help them in their religious duties, but they do not suppose they need heavenly anointing for a business life, or a professional life, or for the task-work of their common days. Yet there is nothing we have to do, however, unspiritual it may seem, in the doing of which we do not need the help of the Holy Spirit. power to control men or see how they control

The last prayer of Jesus was, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Thus his spirit went forth on the wings of prayer into his Father's bosom. So it shall be with us, his friends, when we come to the edge of the great mystery, and cannot see the way. Dying, for a Christian, is but flying away from earth's passing things to be with God forever.

The Great for the Little.

In New York city, not long ago, a man lost his way through his own folly. A fire started in his flat at night. Some one, hearing the crackling of the flames, awoke him and his wife. In a few minutes the air-shaft was in a blaze.

When the firemen reached the burning house they were surprised to find a man struggling to escape from the arms of his wife. He was determined to go back into the flames to save some papers relating to his ancestors. The firemen soon forced him out of the house into safety.

A little later another squad of firemen, while pulling the hose through the scuttle in the roof, found the foolish man near his flat, lying upon the floor, his clothes burned off his back. In his hands were some scorched papers. He had secured his papers, but he had lost his life.

A young man who had graduated with fair honors at the law school, obtained a good position with one of the great law firms of the city. Whether he turned out a forensic genius or not, provided he paid faithful attention at the office, he was sure of promotion, standing and success. Feeling sure of his position he began to be careless. He left the office early in the afternoon to play a little game of cards with his friends. Sometimes he played until late at night, and the next morning he came to the office tired and cross.

The habit grew. His friends expostulated with him, but he said that he would not give up his freedom to amuse himself for the tiresome drudgery of any law office in the land. In six months the head of the firm dismissed him. He had made his choice between work and play, and had deliberately given up the great for the little, the permanent for the ephemeral. His degraded future was easily foretold.

A boy twelve years old was asked, 'Why don't you go to school?'

'I don't want to; I don't have no fun.'

'Don't your parents want you to go? Don't you care to learn? Don't you want to be something more than a loafer?'

The boy was bright, and for a moment he hung his head; but he had tasted the freedom that makes tramps and loafers, and that fills workhouses and prisons.

'I don't want to go to school, an' I hate to work,' he answered, in a shame-faced way.

Only a few weeks later he was arrested for theft, and put on probation in a reform school, where he is now. Young as he is, he has made his choice between the great and the little, he is doomed to a life of infamy.

To every person the choice comes. By many a soul it has to be met daily. 'Shall I sacrifice my future to a moment's play or fun? Shall I imperil my soul for an hour's amusement?'—'Youth's Companion.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Edmonia's Influence.

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'The Wellspring.')

Edmonia Beale opened her eyes on a wide, white world, one wintry morning, and sat up in bed, unmindful of cold shivers, to enjoy the sight.

In her Florida home snow was only a tradition of the oldest inhabitant and Edmonia had never seen real snow before in her life. She had been at Merryoaks, her Uncle Tom's place just outside of Baltimore, for some days; and now her eager wish was gratified; the snow had come at last, in great piles and in drifts and swirls.

The fairy land outside was so enchanting that Edmonia found it hard to get dressed in time for breakfast, and had an apology to make when she finally came to the table. Breakfast was a rather hurried meal at Merryoaks, for Uncle Tom and Tom, Jr., had to catch the eight-forty electric car to the city; Uncle Tom to reach his office in good time, and young Tom to answer roll call at the city college.

'My! but I envy you a new sensation, Coz,' said the collegian, after hearing the young Southerner's raptures over the snow.

'Hear him!' cried Tom's sister Frances, 'hear our "blasé" creature! A new sensation! If you remember to get my pin mended to-day, Tom, it will give me a new sensation, I assure you.'

'The head of your class might be a place of new sensations, sir,' said Uncle Tom, very severely.

'Father, can't you come home on an earlier car to-day?' questioned the mother from her end of the table; 'the cars are so miserably crowded after five o'clock in bad weather.'

Edmonia felt sure that this was meant to divert the family talk into smoother channels, and she was grateful to Aunt Sara; for Tom's face was an angry red, and the visitor felt responsible, as well as uncomfortable.

But to her surprise and disappointment, the mother did not stick to her role of guardian of the peace. At Tom's first mention of his intention to spend the night in town, his mother remonstrated bitterly, the boy answering her with impatience and scant respect; altogether it was very painful, and the young stranger was glad when the family party broke up, and she was free to establish herself in the library window to watch the great storm.

But its weird beauty was lost upon her for a while; memory was rolling backward her wonderful canvas, and showing the girl a very different background for the picture of another mother and son; her own mother this time, and her brother Tom; for the Tom Beales were confusingly numerous in the connection.

How well Edmonia remembered that summer night, when Tom was leaving for college; the oleander-scented lawn, the moon in the sky, the glowworms in the grass, and the mother's voice, full of tears, speaking through the shadowy dimness:—

'I have done my best for you, dear son, and now there is nothing more I can do, except to be good friends with you.'

Ah, how beautifully that plan had worked in the home among the oleanders! Edmonia had never heard one rasping word between that mother and that Tom, and yet there was many a difference of opinion, as there must be between one generation and another.

'Shall I tell Frances about that night—and about "being friends"—and about our Tom?' the girl in the window seat questioned herself. 'It is a risky thing to do, and it might not answer with this Tom, but I wish'—

'Well, I declare! If this isn't too bad!' she heard her cousin's voice behind her. 'That disagreeable Tom has gone off and left my pin when I asked him to be specially careful not to forget it. I am sure he did it on purpose. Is your Tom as exasperating as ours, Eddy?'

Providence seemed to hold the door open for this timid little philosopher; she took her life in her hand, as it were, or at least the chance of her cousin's friendliness and armed with her dear mother's experience and wisdom, she set herself to answer the petulant question.

A good resolution to change a mistaken and mischievous course is often the bravest and best thing in sight; but the resolver must not expect to enter at once upon the smooth path that wiser people have gained through years of steady effort; in fact, the crossing from one path to the other is beset with many difficulties and mortifications. Frances found it so.

Tom did not come back that stormy night, and his mother's face was shadowed with pain and anxiety. When another twenty-four hours brought him home, he wore a look of sullen defiance.

'I hope your pin is mended to your satisfaction, my amiable young lady,' he said mockingly to his sister.

Frances hesitated one dangerous moment, long enough for the words to flash over memory's wire, 'Nothing I can do, except to be friends;' and then she answered gaily, 'As well as usual, thank you,' while the mother looked from one face to the other, perplexed by that new note in Frances's voice.

Tom, however, was exasperated by the unexpected answer. 'Was she trying to cajole him into being a goody-goody little boy?' And so the new plan was roughly held up.

It may be that Tom's sister could not have persevered along this discouraging way all alone; but there are no 'maybe's' in our Father's plans for his children; like Queen Esther, the little girl from the land of oleanders had come to Merryoaks at this time for this very (unknown) purpose, no doubt; and she was as staunch an ally as the royal girl of old. It was not long before the boy at Merryoaks felt the difference in his home atmosphere; there was a sense of comradeship, now, that sweetened life, and made him ashamed to be disagreeable.

But it was not until Edmonia had been the rounds of the widely-branching family, and with the next autumn's frosts had gone back to the far South, that Tom had occasion to put Frances to the test, and know her for his friend and chum.

'I say, Frank,' he called to her one night, through the closed door of her chamber, 'can't I come in for a little talk?'

'Wait a minute'—she answered, hastily donning a blanket robe—'yes, certainly, come in, Tom.' But she was surprised at his manner; it was not the sauntering, patronizing air usual with the young collegian. He came in with a set look on his black brows, and went directly to his point:

'The truth is, Frances, I have played you a shabby trick, and I feel like a cad about it. I don't suppose it will do you any good for me to own up; in fact, I believe it is just a selfish sort of feeling that makes me do it; still—'

Frances found her breath coming short and quick. What did this mean? Tom had given his family many anxious days and nights, on account of a certain tendency he had for undesirable companions; but he had never really gotten into mischief; and lately he had seemed so much more willing to stay at home; what was he about to reveal?

'It was last winter,' he began again, and a little sigh of relief escaped his listener after all, if it was last winter, it could not mean so much now—'last winter, about the time Eddy left, Ernest Shafer told me that he was going to propose your name for our Fortnightly Club, and I—it was a beastly thing for me to do—but I asked him not to do it!'

Tom ground out this confession with considerable anguish of spirit and shame and mortification; he was surprised into stupefaction, almost, to see a bright, relieved smile on his sister's face.

'Is that all?' she cried, gaily. 'Oh, Tom, you made me really scared. Why, I knew that and months ago. I'm so glad that's all.'

'You knew it months ago?' he repeated, still dazed.

'Certainly I did; don't you know somebody always tells such things? I was even told your reason (Tom suddenly got red as a coxcomb), that you said I was too snappish. Well, you needn't have said it, old man, about your sister; still, it was true.'

But Tom hardly knew what she was saying. 'You knew it all along,' he kept on repeating; and memory was busy showing him the unbroken kindness and friendliness of his sister during all that time. It was making an impression upon him for the rest of his life. He was not a demonstrative fellow, but he went over to the bed, took the blanket roll in his arms and gave it a generous hug.

'You are the best chum a fellow ever had, Frank,' he said, heartily. 'I don't deserve to have you for a sister, but things are going to be different—you'll see.'

And presently the little cousin on the Gulf coast was smiling to herself over the success of her plan—of her mother's plan rather—or just being friends with the big boys.

A Woman's Day in Shanghai.

(Alice Hamilton Rich, 'Australian Christian World.')

A babel of strange voices, a jargon of very strange sounds just outside my window, yet it is only the grayest of gray dawn—half-past three by my little clock. Were it not that this is the accustomed manner of life, further sleep would be impossible, but with a sigh for the mornings of quiet in the homeland I fall asleep, to be awakened in a few minutes by a morning brawl between two Chinamen. They are soon surrounded by a crowd of men—one wonders where they all come from at this early hour—but after a few minutes of slapping faces the crowd disappears in convenient alley ways, while the coolies, who are already on the way to market, or bearing refuse into the country for the market gardens, adjust their bamboo poles on their shoulders and a chorus of 'he, hi ho, ho, ho, he, hi, he, ho,' is again taken up, and grows fainter and still fainter as they pass into the dim distance.

The next time I rouse 'the early pipe of half-awakened birds' comes to my ear. Magpies call from their huge nest in a tree in the yard adjoining, while sparrows chatter outside. It is now half-past six, and a coolie comes to open the blinds of the French win-

dows. Unless ordered to the contrary, day in, week out, this will take place, like everything else done by these faithful servants, at the same time or very nearly the same hour. Woe to the would-be sleeper who wishes 'for a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms in sleep,' unless that sleep was planned for and ordered the night before, for not only is the coolie opening blinds, but he is also washing floors in halls, down the stairs, and on the verandahs.

It is now seven o'clock. Being naturally an early riser—as foreigners count early rising here—I am ready for my breakfast, but will, while waiting for my order to be filled by second boy—first boy having gone to market—step out on the verandah for a few minutes. What do I see? Down the street comes a coolie with a large shallow basket on either end of a bamboo pole, containing bamboo shoots for the Chinese market. There are two kinds of this vegetable used for food. The smaller kind is preferred by foreigners. It is about twice the size of asparagus at the end, but tapers to a point. It is formed in layers, and tastes slightly like green corn. This kind is very good, but that which the coolie is carrying is as large as my wrist and a foot long, looking to my mind like huge toes of some unknown animal. A second coolie bears on his shoulder a framework of shelves, on which is placed various kinds of chow, ready cooked. There are cakes green as the greenest grass, probably made of vegetables, others yellow as cowslip blossom, still others white as uncooked dough. There are also long twisted cakes, looking like old-fashioned doughnuts, but at least a foot long; flat cakes like our pancakes, only stiff and tough. Then there are shrimps, snails, ugly kinds of fish, looking more like reptiles. The coolie cries his wares, but, unfortunately, I do not understand Chinese. Breakfast is a very-much-as-you please meal, each one eating when and what is desired, as other members of the family are better, or at least later, sleepers than myself. The attentive second boy waits on me, the second coolie bringing the food on Japanese trays to the door—it would not do for him to step inside—where it is received by the boy. The cook prepares the food per order.

Breakfast over, the morning paper, 'North China Daily News,' brings to me telegraphic news of the world Occident, while scenes of the world Orient pass and repass as I sit at ease on a bamboo settee on the cool verandah. Just outside our own stone wall is a wretched creature turning over refuse, and lo! he has found a treasure—a shining bit of tinsel paper and a piece of orange-peel and some bits of straw. Even more pitiful is the scene just across the way at my neighbor's refuse pile, where a gray-haired haggard old woman is poking over the dirt and ash-heap with her trembling hands, seeking as for hidden treasure—and ah! the pity of it, the hidden treasure is but a small piece of cotton cloth, past usefulness for a duster. It may, however, do duty as a patch on the garments of the woman, whose clothing is even now made up of patches. To her credit be it said, it does not show tatters, and her person is wholly covered.

In striking contrast are the occupants of yonder jinrikisha and wheelbarrow. The former carries a well-to-do Chinaman on the way to his shop. He is clad in an outer jacket of gold-colored brocade satin; a long garment slashed at each side a foot from the bottom nearly reaching his ankles, is of plain maroon satin, with trousers of dark blue satin, neatly wrapped about the ankle with black ribbon, white stockings, the usual thick soled, clumsy Chinese shoes, and black satin cap with scarlet tassels. He carries a white umbrella and a pipe with a stem four feet long, and a bowl at the end which will hold but three or four thimblefuls of tobacco.

On the wheelbarrow are comfortably dressed, good-looking women. Their garments are of blue cotton, with a head, or rather forehead protector of black silk or cotton, embroidered and tied under the smoothly dressed and glossy hair, which is coiled at the back of the head and ornamented with strange-looking metal ornaments, red, blue, and yellow. These women are on their way to the joss-house and carry strings of silver paper money to offer to the idols during their morning worship.

Here comes my head boy with his 'Good-morning, missus; can go down see something,' which means I am to descend to the pantry to inspect the morning purchases for the day's meals. Three small mandarin fishes prove themselves properly fresh, as they are alive, and there are mutton for to-day, and a beef roast to hang to become tender, fresh spinach, cucumbers—to be cooked, not eaten, as with us, uncooked—and oranges, bananas, pomolo, and mango After carefully inspecting as to quality and quantity, and finding a proper amount of fault with the supplies, I return to the sitting-room. The children and the goodman of the house are now driven away in the open carriage to lessons and to business.

Next I will see if the amah has her mending or embroidery planned for the day. She is yet busy in the sleeping-rooms. Her 'pidgin' (work) is to make the beds of the missus and young missus. Possibly she will dust the bric-a-brac, but on no account sweep up even the litter of flower leaves which may have dropped from the mantel-vases—a coolie is called for that duty—nor would she think of cleansing the wash-bowl. If needed in service of missus or young missus while combing hair, she would deign to pour out water from the pitcher or bowl, but to wash them, never, that would be doing coolie 'pidgin' and both she and the head boy are very jealous of their rights as to proper 'pidgin.'

Domestic matters being now in shape for the time being, I go to my room to write. A half-hour, possibly an hour, quickly passes. A gentle tap at the door—Chinese servants are quiet in their ways of doing and serving—the boys hands me a chit-book. A neighbor just across the way has written me a formal note asking a question, which requires a like formal reply. At home, said neighbor would no doubt come across the street and ask the question in person. The reply being written and sent by coolie, again I am writing. Another tap, and the boy says, 'Please missus, tailor have got,' and I descend to find, not one tailor but two, glowering at each other, but polite and smiling to me. Unfortunately, 'two piece tailor hav got all samee,' which translated, means my daughters' tailor and my own—we have two to facilitate the spring dressmaking. Chinese tailors being proverbially, say, have come at the same time, unfortunately, as they are bitter rivals.

Amahs do mending, embroidery, and a little hand-sewing in the home, but all other sewing is done by men tailors, who either come to the house or do the work in shops. My tailor, Mow Chee, is a little man, so much like a woman that I soon learned to forget his sex. As to prices, the cost of making satin gown, silk-lined, white waist elaborately trimmed, is five dollars; little girl's party dress, with two fancy waists, one dollar fifty cents. This is silver (Mexican), and must be divided by two to be home, or gold, currency. I wish I could say that the tailor's work was always, or even usually, satisfactory. The sewing is better than the designing and fitting.

Returning to my desk, a half-hour later I am called down, as a member of a newly-formed Literary Society—the first purely literary women's club in Shanghai and probably in China—wishes to consult my Warner's Literary. With the departure of my friend come husband and children for 'tiffin,' the mid-day meal. It is half-past two before I am ready for work, either domestic or literary, and it is really necessary in this climate for one to take a little rest, so I close my eyes.

Possibly I succeed in losing myself, to start up in fear lest I have overslept and hastily dress, for callers begin to come at half-past three. The English custom of afternoon tea is universally observed. Tea, bread and butter, sandwiches or the more English scone and jam, also cakes and sweets are served on tea-tables or brought in by the boy or Japanese or Chinese teapoys, the daughters of the household assisting in serving. As all foreign shops close at five, and custom, trading-houses, banks, etc., before that time, the callers are often gentlemen who come in their business suits. Dinner is possibly as early as half-past seven, oftener at eight. Concerts, lectures, even church entertainments, do not begin until nine o'clock.

After dinner I go to my room to put on the wraps for an evening entertainment, and I find my amah has prepared everything comfortably for retiring. Truth compels me to state that I start out reluctantly at twenty minutes to nine to go to a lecture, concert or reception. To be entirely truthful I will state that more often my courage fails and I remain at home, weary enough to sleep, although the clamor without of Chinese voices, striking of gongs, quarrelling of men, and shouting of children continues into the 'wee sma' hours,' and one day, a very usual one, is over.

Saving a Reputation.

Ralph had mowed almost to the end of his swathe, when the whistle from the nearby town told him that it was noon. He dropped his scythe, took off his hat, and wiped the thick drops of perspiration from his forehead, the while he glanced with affected unconcern across his swathe to see how his neighbor fared. 'Pretty stiff piece,' he said, and then stopped abruptly. He stood alone in the field. 'Gone for the water jug,' thought Ralph to himself; and he improved the opportunity to take a good look at his neighbor's swathe. 'Wide as mine, and—yes, confound it!—all of two feet ahead of mine!'

A look of dismay came into Ralph's face. He had been so sure of outdoing his neighbor and winning the prize pledged by the owner of the field to the mower who levelled the widest swathe in the shortest time. 'I'll have that calf,' said Ralph, setting his jaws and clutching the scythe handle. 'I promised that calf to Emmy.'

The lad sent a swift glance over the field. There was no one in sight. 'Queer how he disappeared so suddenly. Wish I had not said so much about it, but I was so sure. He's the first fellow that ever beat me.'

'Confound it;' he said again, and hesitated, half hoping to catch a glimpse of his rival or someone coming across the lot. Then he sent the scythe through the tall grass, and again and again.

'Two good feet ahead,' he said, and walked over to the big apple-trees close to the wall, swung his scythe over to a convenient limb,

fished out a tin pail from under the bushes, and began his noon-day repast.

Between the mouthfuls Ralph took more time than usual. The bread and cheese had lost its flavor, and seemed to stick in his throat. 'Wish I hadn't bragged so much about it,' he mused 'but I couldn't afford to lose my reputation, nohow,' he concluded.

Still, the bread and cheese refused to go down, and Ralph fished around under the bushes again, and brought out the water jug. It was empty, and he sprang over the wall and ran down to the spring. 'Halloa!' he exclaimed, as he was starting back, and then he shouted, 'Halloa,' and, setting the jug down in a shady spot, began to make his way right through the blueberry bushes toward a big nut-tree where a lad about his own age sat, his head bent down and his hands working at something Ralph could not see plainly.

'Got a board across his knees,' said Ralph, as he drew nearer. 'Writing, I swan.' Then he shouted again, 'Halloa, Jo! scratching for a prize composition?'

The boy under the tree looked up. His face was glowing with the joy of victory. 'Writing home,' he said. And then, as he saw who his questioner was, he tried to moderate his feelings a little out of deference to the vanquished. 'I promised the calf to Sue,' he said, as if apologizing for his haste.

'And I promised it to Emmy. Sorry you will have to disappoint Sue, but both of us couldn't have it, you know.'

'What!' cried Jo, springing to his feet, while the board, pencil and letter tumbled into the grass.

'Did you think you beat?' asked Ralph, regarding Jo with an incredulous smile. You ought to know better than that, Jo. No man this side the Rockies can beat Ralph Horn.'

Jo was fairer and of a more slender build than his rival. He took a long look at the thick-set figure and the knotted muscles. 'I was a good two feet ahead,' he said, firmly.

'Go away,' said Ralph, indulgently. 'You were too excited. Yours eyes deceived you. It is I that am two feet ahead. Come right out to the field and settle it,' he said, as Jo began to speak again.

Jo looked puzzled, but unconvinced, as he followed Ralph back to the hay field.

'There!' said Ralph, with a flourish of his arm. 'Rub the cobwebs out of your eyes, and take a good look.'

Jo was speechless. He took one good look and another, and then rubbed his eyes and looked again. All at once his knees grew so weak, and he realized how tired he was. He sank down on a stack of hay, leaned his chin in his hand, and tried to smile, while he looked, not at his companion, but out across the field. 'I was so sure I was ahead,' he said, at last, in an unsteady voice.

'Oh, well! don't take it so hard; it's no great shakes, anyhow.'

'I wouldn't mind so much if it was not for Sue,' he said.

'I'd give you the calf if it was not for disappointing Emmy,' said Ralph.

Jo shook his head. 'Wouldn't do anyway,' he said. 'I could not tell her I won it.'

'I'll do it all over again this afternoon if you say so,' said Ralph. He knew he was safe in making the offer, for it was evident enough that Joe was thoroughly exhausted. 'It's just fine exercise.'

'You're a tough chap, Ralph,' said Jo, with a faint smile. He was silent after that, and appeared to be lost in thought. Ralph lounged lazily, and chewed a straw while he watched Jo out of the corners of his eyes.

'Davy thought so, too,' said Jo, suddenly springing up and sending a swift glance over the field. 'Where's Davy?'

'Gone to dinner, of course. He won't be back until the whistle blows.'

This remark of Jo's made Ralph uneasy, and a moment later he stretched himself and said he guessed he would go down to the spring and get his jug of water. He would meet Davy and make things all right with him. 'I'll go, too,' he said, 'and we will meet Davy, and ask him before he gets to the field.'

But, instead of Davy, they met another boy with a message for Ralph. While he was detained, Jo hurried on, eager to have the first word. He spied him half-way through the pasture, picking his dessert from the blueberry bushes.

Ralph watched the meeting with jealous eyes the while he listened to his friend's talk. No, he could not go fishing. Yes, he had promised the whole day to Malcolm. Yes he was earning some money for his outing. Yes, he hated compositions. He was glad next week was the last of the term, and he wished there was some way to get rid of next week's compositions.

'I'll do it for you—for a consideration,' said his companion; and then, as Ralph scornfully waved him off, 'Lots of the fellows do it.'

'I've got a reputation to look out for,' said Ralph.

'Well, don't fret about your reputation; it don't suffer. No one will know it. Fact, your reputation will most likely be much improved.'

Ralph smiled. He knew his compositions were pretty near zero, but he felt disgusted with his friend for making him the proposition. Just then he saw Jo meet Davy, and he suddenly colored scarlet under his dark skin. His companion looked at him curiously. 'Well, all right,' he said, 'if you have such strong objections: I don't want to demoralize you. Just thought I'd help you out.'

But Ralph was not listening. He saw Davy talking, gesticulating, and vigorously shaking his head. The thought of Davy made him feel uneasy; but he remembered that, after the whistle blew at noon and he had dropped his scythe, taken off his broad-brimmed hat and wiped his face there was no one in sight. He could see that Jo was talking very earnestly, and Davy grew quieter. As they came up, Davy fixed his beady black eyes on Ralph, and said vehemently, 'I am just as sure as Jo that he was ahead when the whistle blew.'

'It's easy enough proved,' said Ralph, with an unconcerned air. He saw at once that what he had half feared was not going to take place. He took leave of his companion, and they all made their way to the field. Having viewed the work of the contestants, there was nothing more to be said; but the look that Davy fixed upon Ralph haunted him after he left the field.

Monday, after the morning recess, the school master wrote the subject for the week's composition on the blackboard. It was 'Character and Reputation.'

That night Ralph asked his father, 'What is the difference between character and reputation?'

'Reputation,' said his father, 'is what people think you are. Character is what you really are.'

Ralph did not sleep well that night. The next morning Davy overtook him on his way to the school. 'Jo's pegged out,' he said. 'Saturday was too much for him. He ought to have known better than to have tried it.'

'Of course, he ought to have known better,' said Ralph. 'Teach him a lesson.' To himself he said, 'It is all the same. I could have beat him easy. Did not suppose he was within a mile of me.'

'And Sue cried herself into a fever. She's spindling, you know; been out of bilter all the spring. Halloa! there's Mr. Malcolm now; he's motioning.'

'Which one of you fellows is coming after that calf?' he called out.

Ralph stopped, and seemed confused.

'Me, of course,' shouted Davy, with a grin.

'I'll call round to-night and see about it,' said Ralph.

'I thought so,' said the man.

Ralph lingered after school until all his mates had gone. He told them not to wait for him. He had 'a tough problem to tackle.'

When the road was clear he packed up his books, and went direct to Mr. Malcolm's. Mr. Malcolm was at the barn door waiting for him.

Ralph was there twenty minutes, and then he came out, leading the calf. Mr. Malcolm stood in the door and watched him. He did not go toward home. 'That's the kind of a fellow I want for a superintendent one of these days,' he said. 'I'm getting lazy.'

Ralph hurried the calf along, and did not slacken his pace until he reached the door of Jo's home. He whistled. Jo's face appeared at the window, looking very pale and thin. He came to the door and sat down on the step as if he was too weak to stand.

'Here's the calf. You was ahead,' said Ralph gruffly, and turned on his heel quickly and went straight to Davy's. 'I cheated,' he said. 'I have told Mr. Malcolm, and have taken the calf to Jo.' To himself Ralph said bitterly, 'By to-morrow night the news will be all over town.'

'I knew it all the time,' said Davy.

'You knew it,' said Ralph.

'Yes. I was there, lying in the grass, waiting to see how surprised you would be when you found Jo ahead of you. I saw the whole show, and then I scun off and told Joe. He made me promise not to tell. Glad of it all now.' He gave Ralph a sounding slap on the shoulder with his hard little hand, and ran into the house; but, before Ralph was out of hearing, he called after him, 'Got your "Reputation and Character" written up?'

'Just begun it,' answered Ralph.

'Tough one, ain't it?'

'Toughest one yet,' said Ralph.—'The Presbyterian Banner.'

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the famous Irish politician, in the course of an address to young men, earnestly advised them to become total abstainers. 'I believe,' he said, 'that in half a century from now no man will attain rank in any profession who is not a total abstainer.'

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The Old Green Dress.

(Emma Ellen Glossop, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'So that is your wonderful Miss Brown?' exclaimed Sue, surprise and something like sarcasm mingling in her voice, as they made their way into the crowded class room and found seats as best they might, amid the jostling, hurrying throng.

Students from the outgoing class surrounded the teacher's desk, eagerly listening to some parting instruction. Incoming ones patiently awaiting their turn, stood quietly by, knowing their questions would be answered even if the bell did ring.

In the midst of all this confusion stood the teacher with flushed cheeks and earnest voice, rapidly answering the anxious queries, emphasizing her words by sharp expressive gestures, and turning from one subject to another with a readiness which showed clearness of thought and breadth of learning.

She was not prepossessing in appearance. Dark skinned and heavy, nature had done little for her, and where nature had failed, art had not made up. She wore a faded green dress which was particularly unbecoming to her dark ruddy skin and black hair.

'Never mind how she looks,' said Florence, loyally, 'you'll love her anyway. She's the brightest and most thoroughly competent teacher in the whole college, and everybody, yes, everybody, likes her. You will, too.'

'But, Florence, she's dowdy. Look at that dress! Besides being frightfully unbecoming it is—it is not neat. See the old faded silk upon it! It is not a class room gown.'

'I don't care!' cried Florence, flushing, 'she knows more than our dear president, even, and she has taught me hundreds of beautiful things I never would have learned by myself. You must know her, and you will not mind her dresses. Don't criticize her, Sue, it hurts me to have you do it.'

The bell rang. The confusion increased for a minute, and then silence fell suddenly. Miss Brown was undoubtedly a wonderful teacher. The great events of the past, the men who made them so, took life and form before her, and her pupils went away uplifted and enlarged. As she listened Sue grew ashamed. Her criticism seemed petty and ill-timed in the presence of this magnetic and inspiring mind.

'Don't you like her?' questioned Florence, enthusiastically, when they finally left the class room.

'I certainly do, Florence, she is the most interesting woman I ever met, but I wish—now, don't be angry, dear—but I wish she would burn that abominable old dress!'

Florence laughed a little. 'So do I for the matter of that, but she won't. She never looks nice, poor, dear Miss Brown. They say she is very charitable and saves but little out of her handsome income. Bless her dear heart, I even love her old clothes.'

Weeks passed. Sue had caught the spirit of Miss Brown's class room and had quite forgotten her first impression. She was dining with the president's daughter, and the young people were eagerly discussing the coming of a great literary meeting.

'Miss Brown is to have a paper, young ladies, and I assure you that we will all be proud of her. She writes very ably,' said the president's pleasant voice.

'Oh, I hope she will wear black!' said his pretty daughter. 'She looks so well in black, with just a bit of lace, you know.'

Everybody smiled sympathetically and her mother replied:

'She is going to, Lucy; she has a handsome black silk for the occasion, with the desirable "bit of lace," as you suggest, and she looks exceedingly well in it.'

'That will relieve Sue's mind,' said Florence, slyly.

Sue blushed and looked down at her plate, but she presently met the quizzical look in the president's eyes, bravely.

'I admire Miss Brown very much, so very much that I have sometimes wished, sir, that she had the desirable gift of appearing well.'

'Very good,' he said approvingly, 'it's no harm to wish our friends good taste, I am sure. It is a desirable gift, a very desirable one. I think, Mrs Thurston,' he said, turning to the little woman at the head of the table, 'that we must tell the young ladies the story of Miss Brown's winter dress. They are all discreet besides it reflects no discredit, but much honor upon our beloved teacher.'

Mrs. Thurston responded at once.

'One afternoon last fall I was shopping with Miss Brown. We were looking at the suitings, and she said laughingly, "I think I will be extravagant for once, and have a new school dress this year. I have been in the habit, for economy's sake, of wearing my old Sunday frocks for every day. I know they never do look well. I fear I am envious of some of my dear girls. They always look so fresh and pretty that it puts me quite to shame, but, alas, I was born without the good taste which should be every woman's natural dower. Were I to dress well always, it would cost more time and money than I care to give. I never know what to buy, and my purchases are commonly failures."

'You may be sure that I encouraged her to have the dress at once. We selected a handsome dark gray suiting. It was to be tailor-made, plain and substantial, for I knew that she would wear it a long time. The clerk had measured the goods preparatory to cutting, when Mrs. Dr. Gregory came up to us. She was soliciting aid for the poor woman whose husband was drowned at the ford. It was a pitiful case of a sick mother and a house full of fatherless little ones. Miss Brown's kindly heart was melted at once. "Here are twenty dollars," she said, "I wish the sum was larger. I was about to purchase a new school dress, but that was a needless vanity. I have an old one that will do very well. Come to me again should they be in want."

'That ended it. Tears filled her fine eyes. She turned resolutely away from the attractive dress goods counter, and we went out. That, my dears, is the history of the school dress which Miss Brown is wearing during this winter.'

There was a deep silence about the president's table. Sue was sobbing quietly behind her handkerchief, and even the president's keen eyes were misty.

'I understand now,' whispered Sue, slipping her arm about Florence as they passed to the sitting room. 'I understand why you could say you even loved her old clothes. I'd love her if she wore a blanket!'

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The Boy Who Dares.

(Francis M. Hawley, in 'Onward.')

Show me the boy who dares to do right,
Though his comrades may laugh and sneer,
I'll show you a boy who, with all his might
Will stand his ground without fear.

Show me the boy who dares to say No,
When his honor is put to the test,
I'll show you a boy who is going to row
His canoe ahead of the rest.

Show me the boy that's good to the old,
To his mother is tender and kind,
I'll show you a boy with a heart of gold,
And his equal hard to find.

Show me a boy that loves the truth,
And cares for his books and school,
I'll show you a boy—a boy forsooth—
That a nation may some day rule.

Dare to do right! Dare to say NO!
And against all wrong raise your hand,
In manhood you reap what in youth you sow,
And be honored by all the land.

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Death of Paul Kruger—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The New Governor of Finland—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Taking of Japanese Mails—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Japan's Price for Peace—By George Lynch, in the 'Independent,' New York.
The March into Manchuria—Chinese and Russians—By the London 'Standard's' Special Correspondent with the First Japanese Army.
Tolstoy and War—The 'Speaker,' London.
Tolstoy and His Family—The New York 'Times.'
The King and General Booth—The 'Daily News,' London.
Salvation Army Congress A Gathering World Wide in Character—The 'Daily News.'
Samson—A Sermon by General Booth, in the 'War Cry,' London.
Dr. Herzl—The Inspiration of Modern Zionism—The New York Sun.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

G. F. Watts—His Life and Work—By M. H. Spielmann, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Naboth's Vineyard—Poem, by Robert Trowbridge, in 'Scribner's Magazine.'
June in England—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
An Enchanting Story—Winston Churchill's last Historical Romance—The Edinburgh 'Scotsman.'
Intellectual Honesty—By John o' London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Literary Language Without a Grammar—By D. M. Hermalin, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Faults of the Bedding-out System—By A. Clutton Brock, in the 'Speaker,' London.
English Skylarks in New York—The 'Forest and Stream.'
About a Baseball's Curves—By Richard Mende Bache, in the 'Scientific American.'
The Oldest Living Thing—A Cypress Tree 6,200 Years Old—The St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'
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Grandmother's Turn.

('Christian Standard.')

'It's my turn to have a party now,' said Alice, 'but I do not care the least bit about it. I haven't any new ideas, and it's such a bother and no satisfaction to get just a common party.'

'You lazy girl,' cried Clare, 'I wish it were my turn. I have some splendid ideas.'

Mrs. Egbert with her family of four lively girls and two livelier boys, had to limit the number of parties, and allowed each to give one in turn with a fixed interval between.

'Girls,' said Hilda, suddenly, 'let's let grandma have her turn this time.' Hilda was the thoughtful one of the family.

'Why, do you think grandma would care for a party?' said Alice.

'I believe she would if we managed it right and didn't give her a lot of worry and trouble,' said Hilda. 'Grandma is getting very old and sometimes she looks tired and homesick. Perhaps we won't have a chance to do things for her much longer.'

The girls all looked serious by this time and Alice exclaimed: 'Why, of course, grandma shall have a party, if you think she would care for it. I'm sure I shall be glad to do all I can, and she is quite welcome to my turn.'

After some consultation with their mother the girls decided that the party should be a small one and invitations were sent to six of grandma's old friends. The china and silver that had been great-grandfather's gift to grandma when she was a bride, were unpacked and got ready for service. There was an old yellow note-book filled with recipes copied in grandma's neat hand-writing before the day when printed cook-books were common. With great diplomacy, Hilda borrowed the treasured book of grandma, and the girls practiced on some of the recipes before the day set for the party.

They were not going to serve a fashionable luncheon, but an old-fashioned tea, such as grandma used to serve to her guests. Hot buttermilk biscuits, cold roast chicken, sliced ham, pound-cake and drop-cakes, cakes, and, of course, preserves and plenty of tea.

The work was divided, Hilda undertook to learn to make tea to grandma's taste. Alice was to practice until she attained perfection in the making of biscuits, Clare knew she could roast the chicken properly, but to poor Maud fell the hardest task. She was to make the cakes, and the pound cake, at least was too expensive to practice on.

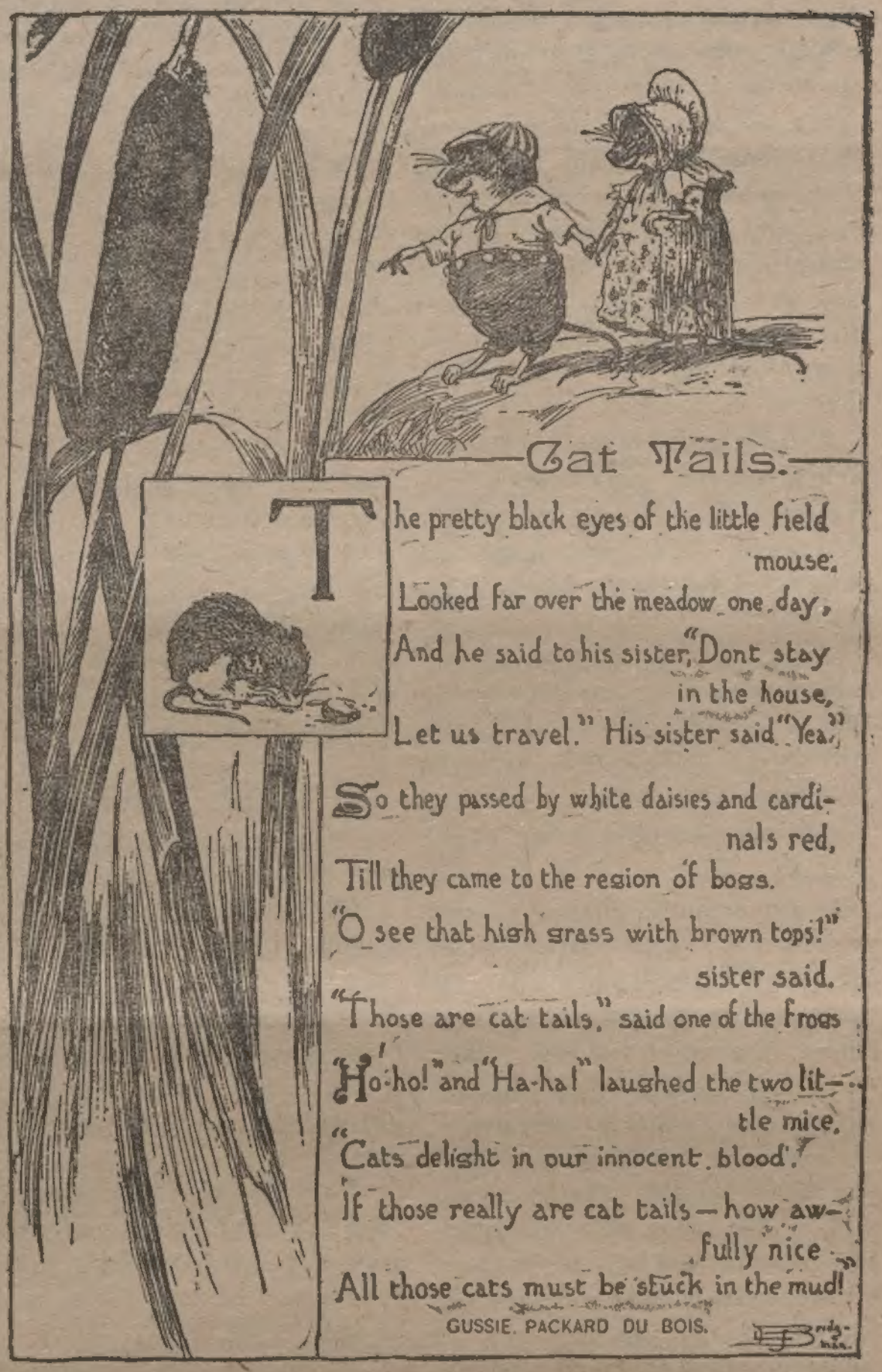
It was to be a surprise to grandma. It really was not necessary for her to make any preparation. Her room was always in company order, and grandma herself always looked like an old-fashioned picture, So there were no suggestions to make, and grandma sat placidly knitting on the afternoon of her party.

When the first visitor came, Maud took her to grandma's room. Grandma was in a flutter of pleased excitement, for her friends did not come often. When the second old lady arrived grandma was plainly very much surprised.

'How fortunate that you happened to come to-day, Mrs. Lane,' she said. 'There are three of us now, quite a little party.'

But when two more guests were ushered in, grandma looked about so helplessly that Maud felt it was time for explanation.

'We thought it was your turn to have a party, grandma,' she said, 'so we planned one for you today. Then she hurried from the room.


Cat Tails.
The pretty black eyes of the little field mouse,
Looked far over the meadow one day,
And he said to his sister, "Dont stay in the house,
Let us travel." His sister said "Yea."
So they passed by white daisies and cardinals red,
Till they came to the region of bogs.
"O see that high grass with brown tops!" sister said.
"Those are cat tails," said one of the Frogs
"Ho-ho!" and "Ha-ha!" laughed the two little mice,
"Cats delight in our innocent blood."
If those really are cat tails—how awfully nice
All those cats must be stuck in the mud!
GUSSIE. PACKARD DU BOIS.

The old ladies were left to enjoy the afternoon in their own way. Mrs. Egbert went in to add her cordial welcome to grandma's, but she remained only a few minutes.

It's just too lovely to see them,' Hilda reported. 'They are sitting there so cozy and comfortable. Some of them brought their knitting along, and they are telling funny stories and laughing just as we girls do. I would like to have stayed, if we had not agreed to relieve them of our presence.'

When it was time to serve the five o'clock tea the girls surveyed the results of their labor with justifiable pride. And grandma and her guests declared that it was just like old times.

'I congratulate you, young ladies,' said stately old Madam St. Clair. 'If this is a sample of your skill, you will be as notable housewives as your grandmother was.'

And grandma beamed her delight at this.

In the evening when the company was all gone, Mrs. Egbert came downstairs and told the girls that grandma wanted to see them before she went to bed. They found her sitting before the fire with a happy smile on her face.

'I want to tell you how happy you made me this afternoon,' she said. 'The party was delightful, just what I would have wished, and all the arrangements were perfect. But that was not the best part. I know now that my girls think of grandma, for they took the time to plan and work for me. It has done my heart good and I think we shall understand each other better after this.'

They sat and talked with grandma for a half hour and then went downstairs.

'I'm very much ashamed that we never thought of that before,' said Hilda.

'And to think that she cared for our company all the time,' said Maud. 'I thought we would only annoy her if we went to her room very often.'

'Well, at any rate, we won't be so stupid again,' said Clare.

And the others echoed. 'No, indeed.'

A Spirit-Level to Live By.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit-level to see if the board he was planing was 'true' and straight.

'What's the use of being so careful, papa?' he asked. 'It's pretty good, I guess. It looks so.'

'Guessing won't do in carpenter work,' said his father, 'sighting' along the edge of the board, and shaving it the least bit in the world. 'You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living.'

'There aren't any spirit-levels for living by!' laughed the little boy, watching him.

'Yes, there are,' said the father, earnestly. 'You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make them true and straight, and no guess work in them!'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Katie's Saturday.

'Dear me! sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

'What can be the matter?' said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

'Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter! said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

'Now, Katie,' said mamma, this time seriously, 'as soon as you are dressed, I have something I want you to do for me down in the library.'

'Before breakfast?' said Katie.

'No, you can have breakfast first,' mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was; and, as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast, and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

'Now, Katie,' she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, 'I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do.

'Oh, mamma, you are laughing at me now,' said Katie; 'but I can think of at least ten right this minute.'

'Very well,' said mamma; 'put down ten.' So Katie wrote:

1. 'It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play.'

'2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

'3 ——'

At this point Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. 'That's all I can think of just this minute,' she said.

'Well,' said the mother, 'I'll just keep this paper a day or two.'

'That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and, oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it?

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said, 'Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first; but she's a lovely seat-mate. I'm so glad, aren't you!'

'Oh!' was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper

'I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma, dear,' she said, laughing rather shyly.

'And next time,' said mamma, 'why not let the troubles alone until they are a certainty? There are many of them that turn out very pleasant if you only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying or worrying at all.'—'Sunlight.'

I Wonder.

(Margaret MacTavish, in 'Our Little Dots.')

I wonder why the happy days
Are never half as long
As rainy days, or other days
When everything goes wrong?
I wonder why the naughty things
Are what I like to do?
While good things often seem so hard!
I think it's queer, don't you?
I wonder why I don't like work,
But always do like fun?
I wonder why my dog beats me
In every race we run?
I wonder why grown folks get tired
Of answering questions so?
When I get big, I'll tell the girls
'Bout everything I know.

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LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14.

Obadiah and Elijah.

I. Kings xviii., 1-16.

Golden Text.

I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth. I. Kings xviii., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 8.—I. Kings xviii., 1-16.
Tuesday, Aug. 9.—I. Kings xviii., 7-19.
Wednesday, Aug. 10.—Deut. xxviii., 38-48.
Thursday, Aug. 11.—II. Chron. vi., 24-31.
Friday, Aug. 12.—I. Kings xxi., 1-16.
Saturday, Aug. 13.—Is. v., 1-10.
Sunday, Aug. 14.—Micah ii., 1-13.

1. And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth.
2. And Elijah went to shew himself unto Ahab. And there was a sore famine in Samaria.
3. And Ahab called Obadiah, which was the governor of his house. (Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly:
4. For it was so, when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord, that Obadiah took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.
5. And Ahab said unto Obadiah, Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks; peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts.
6. So they divided the land between them to pass throughout it: Ahab went one way by himself, and Obadiah went another way by himself.
7. And as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah met him: and he knew him, and fell on his face, and said, Art thou that my lord Elijah?
8. And he answered him, I am: go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here.
9. And he said, What have I sinned, that thou wouldest deliver thy servant into the hands of Ahab, to slay me?
10. As the Lord thy God liveth, there is no nation or kingdom, whither my lord hath not sent to seek thee: and when they said, He is not there; he took an oath of the kingdom and nation, that they found thee not.
11. And now thou sayest, Go, tell, thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here.
12. And it shall come to pass, as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not. and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me: but I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.
13. Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid an hundred men of the Lord's prophets by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water?
14. And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here: and he shall slay me.
15. And Elijah said, As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him to-day.
16. So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him: and Ahab went to meet Elijah.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We left Elijah in the lesson of last week, still the guest of the widow of Zarephath, who, with her household, was greatly blessed by his presence. It proved a case of entertaining angels unawares, as you may discover by reading the remaining verses of I. Kings xvii.

The time of this lesson was 'in the third year' of his sojourn at Zarephath. The lack of rain was having its terrible effect on the country of Israel. Streams were dry, fields were withered, the cattle were in danger of perishing, and the distress was becoming severe. The drought lasted three and a half years. See James v., 17.

As might be expected from what we have learned of Ahab, King of Israel, and Jezebel his queen, the prophet Elijah, who had foretold the drought, was not loved by them. Indeed, he has been in hiding from the king all this time, though Ahab has diligently sought for him.

Meantime the kingdom of Judah, under Jehoshaphat, was returning to the knowledge of God, and was enjoying prosperity. Keep in mind that God sent this drought and suffering upon Israel because of their idolatry.

In this lesson we take up the events attending the close of the famine. It is now time for Elijah to come forth from his concealment.

THE LESSON STUDY.

The Promise of Rain: 'Go, shew thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth.' Verse 1.

For three years and a half there has been no rain in Israel, and things are in a desperate state. Relief of some kind must come soon or the very lives of the people will be endangered. It was not God's intention to destroy but to punish his disloyal people.

Elijah, so long in hiding from Ahab, is sent to the king. When he had last seen Ahab he predicted the drought, now the time has come to end it and God is sending his prophet to the wicked king again. He assures Elijah, however, before sending him upon his errand, that he will send the rain.

'And there was a sore famine in Samaria.' 2. This refers to Samaria the capital of Israel and the country round about. The long term of dry weather is having its effect, famine has set in, with all its horrors. But God is merciful and long suffering. Though Israel's sins called forth his wrath he still yearns to bring them back to himself.

A Servant of God in Ahab's House. 'Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.' 3.

Writing from Rome to the church in Philippi, Paul says (Philippians iv., 22), 'All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household.' Even in the house of a Roman tyrant God had his saints, and so also, in our lesson to-day, we find a man who feared God greatly serving the wicked Ahab, as governor of his house.

Men sometimes think that their associations in this or that business, the language they hear, and the temptations that come prevent them from being Christians. If his business itself is honest and right a man can, by the grace of God, be a Christian and still keep his position. Indeed, the Lord needs servants in just such places.

The Scripture turns aside in verses 3 and 4 to show how faithful Obadiah could be. When the wicked queen, Jezebel, was persecuting and slaying the prophets of God, Obadiah secretly aided a hundred of them whom he hid and supplied with bread and water.

A Search for Water. 'Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks.' 5.

There is danger that the lack of pasture, due to the drouth, may result in the loss of the animals belonging to the people, thus adding another calamity. So Ahab calls Obadiah and, after conferring together, they set out in different directions to examine all the springs and water courses, in order if possible to find some place where there was sufficient moisture to keep grass growing.

Obadiah's Fear. 'And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here: and he shall slay me.' 14.

God is ordering events, and Obadiah, travelling in search of pasture, meets Elijah, whom God had commanded to go to Ahab, as we have seen. When God ordered Elijah to go to the king from whom he had been fleeing for so long, there was no promise that God would provide a special messenger for the prophet, but so it is. Obadiah is being used to announce to Ahab that Elijah is found and that he is to see him. Had Ahab met Elijah unexpectedly, he might have thought him still in fear for his life and fleeing, but when Obadiah is sent to boldly announce Elijah's whereabouts and that Ahab is to see him face to face, this puts matters in a different light to Ahab. He sees that Elijah acts with boldness and confidence, and the guilty king dare not injure the man of God.

But Obadiah hesitates about delivering this message. In verses 9-14 we have his reason set forth. He states that Ahab has most diligently sought Elijah, and has required solemn oaths from surrounding nations that the prophet was not found there. The expression, 'There is no nation or kingdom,' refers, of course, to all those countries about Israel, to any of which Elijah might have fled.

Now, reasons Obadiah, if I go to tell Ahab that you are here, the Lord may take you away to some other place; and when King Ahab comes and does not find you, so great will be his rage that he will kill me.

Obadiah further urges the fact that he does not deserve such a fate, as he has feared the Lord always, and he refers to his saving the hundred prophets as an example of his faithfulness.

To us Obadiah's conduct may appear somewhat singular. He seems indeed to have been a faithful man, but one who lacked a bold, outspoken nature. He would not hesitate to save a hundred prophets by secret means, but he is afraid to carry a message from one great prophet to the king, for fear he may get into trouble. God does not basely desert nor carelessly forget his faithful messengers.

Obadiah Assured. 'I will surely shew myself unto him to-day.' 15.

But God is merciful to the timid and weak in faith, so Elijah utters the most solemn assurance that he will meet Ahab, and Obadiah is satisfied and delivers his message.

Elijah gives his promise in words similar to those in which he solemnly assured the king that the rain should cease, 'As the Lord of hosts liveth.' This was not a profane oath, but a solemn assurance in the name of the God whom Elijah served. As a public official is permitted to use the seal of the state in official business, so the prophet about God's business is allowed to use the name of God as an evidence of the certainty of what he says.

'And Ahab went to meet Elijah.' 1. At last the suspense was to be broken. Ahab could talk to the prophet face to face over this calamity that has befallen Israel, as he had prophesied. Ahab speedily abandons the search for pasture, and starts to meet Elijah.

The lesson for August 21, 'Elijah on Carmel,' I. Kings xviii., 30-46, deals with what followed this meeting between a faithful prophet and a wicked king.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 14.—Topic—Obeying when obedience is hard. Gen. xxii., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FORGIVENESS.

Monday, Aug. 8.—Forgiving one another. Eph. iv., 32.

Tuesday, Aug. 9.—'As Christ forgave you.' Col. iii., 13.

Wednesday, Aug. 10.—How Stephen forgave. Acts vii., 59, 60.

Thusday, Aug. 11.—How Joseph forgave. Gen. l., 15-21.

Friday, Aug. 12.—How David forgave. I. Sam. xxiv., 9-12.

Saturday, Aug. 13.—How Solomon forgave. I. Kings i., 50-53.

Sunday, Aug. 14.—Topic—How Esau forgave his brother. Gen. xxxiii., 1-16; Luke xvii., 3, 4.

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Out of the Depths.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Out of the midnight, rayless and cheerless,
into the morning's golden light:
Out of the clutches of wrong and ruin, into
the arms of truth and right;
Out of the ways that are ways of sorrow, out
of the paths that are paths of pain;
Yea, out of the depths has a soul arisen, and
'one that was lost is found again!'

Lost in the sands of an awful desert, lost in
the regions of imps accursed,
With bones of victims to mark his pathway,
and burning lava to quench his thirst;
Lost in the darkness, astray in the shadows;
Father above, do we pray in vain?
Hark, on the winds come gleeful tidings—lo,
he was lost but is found again.

Found and the sunlight of God's great mercy
dispels the shadows and brings the morn;
Found, and the hosts of the dear Redeemer are
shouting aloud o'er a soul new born,
Plucked like a brand from the conflagration;
cleaned, like a garment, free from stain;
Saved, pray God, for ever and ever; lost for a
season, but found again.

'Out of the depths' by the grace of heaven,
out of the depths of woe and shame,
And He blots his name from the roll of drunkards to carve it again on the heights of
fame
'Wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging;
glory to God, he has snapped the chain
That bound him with fetters of steel and of
iron, and he that was lost is found again.

Down with the cup, though it gleam like rubies; down with the glass, though it sparkle and shine;
'It bites like a serpent and stings like an adder;' there is woe, and sorrow, and shame
in wine.
Keen though the sword be, and deadly its
mission, three times its number, the wine-
cup has slain.
God, send Thy grace unto those it has fettered. God grant the lost may be found
again.

The Compensation Question.

It is not easy for Canadians to understand the claim that is being made by English brewers and liquor-sellers for public compensation because of their being refused renewals of their licenses.

We have come to look upon a license to sell liquor as a twelve months' privilege sold for a fixed amount, carrying with it no more right for compensation when it terminates, than does the wearing of a coat entitle the owner to compensation for it when its usefulness is gone.

In the Province of Ontario, during the last thirty years, we have reduced the total number of liquor licenses in operation from 6,185 to 2,947. A large proportion of the remaining 2,947 are not held by the parties who held licenses thirty years ago. For a price the authorities sell a year's right to carry on the traffic, and when the year has expired, the man who has not had the special privilege has as much right to compensation as the privileged man has to compensation at the expense of the other.

The 'Good Templars' Watchword' sums up a series of similar examples of interference with the liquor traffic, in which the traffic's absurd claim for compensation was not entertained. It says:

In March, 1757, Parliament proposed to prohibit distillation from grain, meal and flour, so that all could be used as food. Smollet in his 'History of England' shows how the farmers declared how it would ruin them, while the distillers laid the blame on the brewers, and prayed Parliament not to prohibit or to grant compensation, but Parliament ignored the claim, and 'made prohibition absolute' till December, 1759, without compensation. The people fared better than in the years of plenty with open distilleries.

In 1809 and 1813-14 distillation was prohibited by Parliament in Ireland to save the grain for food. The above acts were followed by gratifying results without compensation.

In 1853 the Scottish Sunday Closing legislation passed and duties were revised whereby the yearly sale of spirits in Scotland diminished by 1,250,000 gallons, without compensation.

In 1881 the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill was passed, without compensation.

The act passed by Mr. Ritchie in 1880 and in 1882 resulted in the refusal of 'renewals' in the latter year to 34 beer-sellers in Over Darwin alone, on the ground that they were not required. On appeal, the Queen's Bench sustained this action. Hundreds of others were similarly refused in England during the same year, without compensation.

In America reductions in the number of licenses have been carried out in a very drastic manner. Boston made a reduction in one year from 1,780 to 780; Philadelphia in one year from 5,770 to 1,740, or 70 percent, notwithstanding the rapid growth of the population—all without compensation.—'Pioneer.'

A Teetotal Creed.

The late Dr. F. R. Lees, one of the most widely known and ablest advocates of total abstinence and prohibition, drew up the following statements of important facts which seemed to him to be specially worthy of being emphasized in connection with the temperance reform:

1. That alcoholic liquor is not a necessary of life, either food or drink.

2. That alcohol is a narcotic poison, the habitual use of which lessens health, shortens life, and produces the drunkard's appetite.

3. That, according to the Bible, there was in ancient times a wine used which is called a poison, a mocker, a defrauder, and a deceiver.

4. That the Bible shows the seductive consequences of its use upon patriarchs, priests, and prophets, who were 'swallowed up of wine.'

5. That persons selected by God for special or pre-eminent services, and even sometimes their parents, were forbidden the use of all wine, lest they should be injured or deceived by the 'poison' wine—an extreme teetotalism not needed now.

6. That the first prohibition of wine and the first abstinence pledge named in the Bible came directly from God. This refers to his priests and Nazarites.

7. That men devoted to works of strength or holiness were appointed to be teetotalers by special angelic messages—to wit, Samson, and John the Baptist.

8. That nowhere in the whole Bible is there a single passage which expresses any Divine approval of intoxicating wines.

9. That there are repeated warnings against the use of such wine all through the Bible.

10. That intoxicating wine is uniformly and frequently selected as the symbol of the Divine wrath or fury, which only a poison could be.

11. That non-intoxicating wine (the fruit of the vine) and water are the Divinely-selected symbols of salvation.

12. That the Greek word for temperance in the Epistles is at least once applied by St. Paul to the known practice of abstinence, yet in no case to the use of intoxicants; while the Greek word for abstinence is frequently used as the name of that practice which distinguished the 'Sons of the Day' and the Christians of the first centuries.—'Pioneer.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The 'Moderate Drinker

To say that the first drink of liquor is for many the first step on the way to failure, may seem to some the language of fanaticism. Still there are facts which indicate that it is well within the bounds of a moderate statement. We know that in this community, and elsewhere, there are men who have struck the rock-bottom of degradation, and what is the reason. They had opportunities to become self-respecting and respected citizens, and in some instances had equipment enough to be leaders of their fellows. That they would ever become the besotted things they are to-day never entered their mind at the beginning. The young man fresh from college had visions of noble living. And we have seen him fall by the wayside. We have seen him incredibly mean and selfish with never a thought of his duty to man or to God and a prey to the vices which follow in the train of intemperance. To keep a family in sorrow and oftimes not far from starvation, to break the heart of wife and mother, to court the danger of damnation—this is what the drinker does every day of his life. And the beginning of it all was the trip to the 'road-house' on Sunday, or the visit to the nearest saloon. Not every man who observes the Lord's Day in this manner is known as a drunkard. The individual who prates of taking it and leaving it alone rather prides himself on his sobriety. He may get muddled now and then—accidents will happen—but he beguiles himself into believing that he is not within hailing distance of being really a drunkard. But what he should understand is that the patronage of the road-house and the saloon gains for him a drunkard's reputation. Sensible men regard him as a weakling. He may be popular with the bar-tender and his convivial companions, and stand high in his own opinions, but the citizens whose opinions are worth having view him with suspicion—or, as one of them said recently, the drinker, the 'moderate drinker' so-called, cannot be employed to-day by a business firm in any confidential capacity. Physically and mentally he is, or becomes so, inferior to the total abstainer. Said Dr. Richardson, of London:

'It is the duty of my profession to show, as it can show to the most perfect demonstration, that alcohol is no necessity of man: that it is out of place when used for any other then a medical, chemical or artistic purpose: that it is no food: that it is the most insidious destroyer of health, happiness and life.—'Catholic Record.'

A certain justice of the peace of East Poughkeepsie, N.Y., requires all persons brought before him on a charge of drunkenness, to sign the following total abstinence pledge: 'I——, having been convicted before ——, justice of the peace, of public intoxication, in order to obtain a suspension of sentence, do hereby pledge myself to abstain from intoxicating liquors for a period of one year from the date hereof, and in case I should be arrested and convicted of intoxication within that period, I request said justice, in order to save me from utter ruin, to impose upon me the full penalty of the law—to wit: six months in the Albany penitentiary.' It is stated that this unique method has greatly reduced the drunkenness in the town.

Every-day Heroes

Abound in society, because the Gospel has created them. But the world is not worthy of them, and takes little notice of them.

Neil Livingstone was a Scotchman in a little way of business, in the days when the word 'teetotaler' had not yet been heard. But he refused to touch strong drink, while all his friends, and even the ministers and members of the churches, indulged as a matter of course in whiskey and toddy. Now, what came of Neil Livingstone's persistent self-denial and refusal to fall in with the fashion? Just this: He had a son named David, that young David Livingstone followed his father's footsteps, adopted total abstinence, accepted the Gospel, became a missionary in Africa, and opened the way into the heart of the 'Dark Continent' for civilization and for Christianity. The humbler hero, Neil Livingstone, was the father of a heroic son, whose tomb thousands of pilgrims visit in the nave of Westminster Abbey every year.

Correspondence

A Story Competition.

Dear Boys and Girls,—On these warm summer days we sometimes get tired of running about, and are glad to sit down on the grass and listen to someone who will tell us a story, and I think it would be a good plan for the 'Messenger' boys and girls to try who can tell the best short story—it must be very short.

The story may be one you have heard or it may be about someone you know. The only condition is that it must be about some person who helped others. You see there are two kinds of people:—

The two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

We do not want stories about those selfish people who only think of themselves, and get so tiresome, no one wishes to be near them.

There was an old lady of Delf,
Who was wholly wrapped up in herself.
Though it might have been kinder
To try to unwind her,
They left her in knots on the shelf!

It is pleasanter on the whole to hear of those who have done good and kind deeds.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

Hoping that a number of the stories will be good enough to print,

Your affectionate friend,
CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

P.S.—Stories must be written on one side of the paper only, and mailed to the Editor of the Correspondence Page of the 'Messenger,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal, before September 1st.

The Shepherd's Wish.

(The Rev. Jas. Learmount, in the 'Examiner.')

There is an old legend which tells how once there was a shepherd youth who was all alone in the world. He had nobody to love and nobody seemed to love him, and he was unhappy.

A fairy, taking pity upon him, visited him one day, and, putting a pipe in his hand, he said: 'Now pipe with it once, twice, three times, and each time as the sound of the pipe dies away wish, and each wish you shall have given to you.'

He blew the pipe once, and wished that he might be rich. Riches came to him, but much to his surprise riches did not make him happy. They brought him care and trouble.

He once more resorted to his pipe and wished. 'Let me be wise' was his request. And he became wondrous wise, and had all sorts of knowledge, but this did not make him very happy. It all seemed so cold and cheerless and dark. He took his pipe in his hand once more and piped. This was his last chance of happiness. He wondered before he piped what he should wish. Then he blew, and this was his last wish: 'Let others be rich and others be wise.'

Then he became filled with joy and gladness, and he became a beautiful and unselfish man.

'There,' said the fairy; 'you are wise and rich at last.' And thus he learned one of life's greatest lessons, the secret of the beautiful life.

How many of us still need to learn that lesson. Let me say to you that your life's happiness largely depends upon your learning the lesson the shepherd learned. For the unhappy people, the most miserable boys and girls, are the selfish ones.

I read a story once of a little girl who was always wanting to have 'a good time,' and mourning over the delightful opportunities that other girls had which she had not.

'I never have any chance to enjoy myself,' she said, complainingly.

Her aunt glanced at the frowning, discontented face, and the dejected, drooping mouth, and said:

'No, you don't, that's a fact. It's a great pity, but I really don't see how you can enjoy yourself at all. Now, there's your mother, everybody can enjoy her, even though she is an invalid, shut up in her home most of the time. She is always bright and so cheery, interested in what is going on in the world, ready to forget herself in the pleasures and sorrows of others. You can enjoy your father, too, and I have no doubt he enjoys himself, though he does have to spend his days in his dingy office, without much time for pleasure. He's doing his share of the world's work—good, useful work—and has a kind word and helping hand for everybody near him. I should think you might even enjoy Bridget, for she goes singing about her sweeping and dish-washing, trying to live for somebody besides herself. You cannot enjoy anything that hasn't in it something enjoyable, and so I really don't see how you can enjoy yourself, poor child! The worst of it is that other people don't have much chance to enjoy you either.'

Then the aunt left her, having given her much food for thought. I wish I could get all boys and girls to see that half the pains spent upon having one's own way, turned into the direction of doing something for God in the world, something for others, would give more real happiness than all their striving to have their own way would give them in a lifetime. Unselfishness is the way to happiness.

In one of his romances, Jules Verne represents his hero, who is a Turk, as travelling by carriage all round the Black Sea, at great expense and amid prodigious hardships, just to escape a Government tax of a penny for crossing the bridge over the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Scutari, where he lived.

Selfish people are just as foolish, and their efforts to please themselves are just as unsatisfactory and costly. And the worst of it is that it kills the persons who cultivate the selfish habit. They come at last to think of nothing but their poor, miserable selves, and what they want, and what they do and say.

I read once of a couple who were on the boat sailing between Blackpool and the Isle of Man. A gale sprang up, and the wife was frightened.

'Oh, John! John!' she groaned, 'the ship is going down!'

'Well, never mind,' said her husband, 'it isn't ours!'

Poor miserable wretch. He had been so accustomed to think selfishly, that now, although he was in danger of losing his life, he only thought about things as was his habit.

Do cultivate the spirit of unselfishness. And you can only do that truly by possessing the spirit of Christ.

A mother, about to leave home for a few hours one day, called her little seven-year-old boy to her, and kissed him good-bye, and said, 'I hope you will be happy, dear, whilst I am gone.'

'Well, mother,' he answered, 'if when you come home I tell you I've not been happy, you will know it is because I have not been good.' And the little fellow was right. Goodness learned from Jesus is the secret of the unselfish, happy life.

A beautiful incident is related by Mr. Ralph Wells. It happened during his visit to a State convention in Minnesota. After one of the sessions a little girl went forward and handed to him a bouquet of ordinary flowers, doubtless the best she could procure at that season. He asked her why she gave him the bouquet. 'Because I love you,' the child answered. 'Do you bring any little gifts to Jesus?' asked Mr. Wells. 'Oh,' said the little girl, 'I give myself to him.' You do that, too, and it will give you the right spirit and the kind eye and hand, and will help you to forget self, and find your happiness in blessing and helping others.

Self-denial has been defined by Neal Dow as 'living with reference to the future.' If you will remember that, it will help you. You are living so as one day to receive the approval of Jesus. Remember that always.

Kinde.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading some of the letters from the little girls and boys in the 'Messenger,' and thought I would like to see one of my own in print. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for almost a year, and we all like it very much. I am twelve years of age, and live on a farm about a mile and a half from the village of Kinde. My father has twenty-one cows, and I often help milk when I am not very busy with my studies, as I am taking music lessons and am teaching a private pupil in arithmetic.

GRACE L. P.

Stanbury.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' There are seven in our family, four boys and three girls. My mother died this year on Easter Sunday. I like to read very much, and have read many books. I like the Pansy Books very much. I like 'Miss Lou,' by E. P. Roe, and 'Little Fishers and their Nets' as well as any I ever read. My favorite flower is the water lily, as it seems so pure and white. We go to the Methodist Church in Bolton, where we used to live. There are from forty to sixty Sunday-school scholars every Sunday. We have the picture of Mr. John Dougall, Senior, in our house. My grandfather's house is large, and it is well shaded by maple trees. They have a fine lawn for croquet, and have a lovely flower garden. We have been berrying once this year, and had our dinner in the woods, and we had a splendid time. I am eleven years old.

JANE H.

Thank you, Jane, for the sweet fern.—Cor. Ed.

The Dutchman Settled It.

(C. L. Allen.)

In the good old times when every country store was a lyceum, where all subjects were freely, fully and ably discussed, the conversation in a certain village store was frequently on religious matters, the leading disputants being the Methodist and Baptist clergymen. Quite frequently a good-natured Irishman, a mechanic, who had more wit and good sound sense than most of the company combined, joined in. No one present could present their side of the case as well as he. It is well to say that there were a few of other denominations occasionally present, although there were but the two churches in the village or very near.

On one occasion the discussion got very warm, everyone present having his say excepting a jolly, good-natured Dutchman who sat quietly smoking the regulation clay pipe of the period. Each asserted positively he was right, consequently all others must be wrong. The Baptist said no one could enter the kingdom unles immersed. The Presbyterian said you must come by the way of Calvin while the Irishman stoutly affirmed that the Pope held the only key and the one which came in direct line from St. Peter. The Methodist said the door to the kingdom was as broad as necessity, and would open to 'whomsoever would.' When each denomination had shown its claim, a Universalist asked the Dutchman for his opinion, who gave it as follows:

'My friends, you makes me dink of de time when I was de boy and went wid my fadder to Albany mid our wheat; near most fordy miles. Some of de farmers came by de Troy road, some by de Triskany road, some by de Columby road, some by de river road. And some by every odder road. But when we got to Albany, no one asked by which road did you come by, but ish your wheat good.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking Affects Morals.

When a man does not get the stimulating nourishment which his nature craves, he resorts to liquor to supply the want. With this fact staring one in the face, is it not wise to teach that unfailingly good food, with all the elements that stimulate and nourish the body and the brain, has its moral as well as its physical benefits?. There are cases on record proving the benefits of public school cooking, where the domestic sky has been perfectly cleared of clouds simply because good food was offered, where before it had been badly cooked, and consequently did not properly nourish. In one home the substitution of a well-cooked cup of cocoa for the sloppy, herb tea which had become a component part of every morning meal, and a nice Indian cake or plate of muffins for the dry baker's loaf, began a work of reform. The father was proud of the daughter's skill as a cook; the mother, who had grown careless and shiftless and indifferent, was shamed by it. The consequence was better provision on the part of one and more care in preparation on the part of the other. The mother was by no means above turning to account some of the practical knowledge the daughter had acquired under such competent training, and she began to brush up her own knowledge which she had carelessly allowed to fall into disuse. The result is a happy home, a united family, a cheerful, contented, busy wife, and a man who puts into the family larder what formerly went to the saloon.—'Pittsburg Catholic.'

Nursery Don'ts.

Don't hang curtains round the cot. Children need plenty of air, especially when they are sleeping.

Don't place the cot in a position where the light will fall on the child's eyes, nor in a draught.

Don't forget that children's clothing should be warm, but light.

Don't forget to remove the child to a cot with a hair mattress when it is old enough to leave the cradle.

Don't forget to air the children's bedclothes every day.

Don't allow a child to sleep with an elderly person; its rest will be less disturbed and more beneficial alone.

Household Hints.

Ammonia painted over woodwork will deepen its color.

Don't allow grease to burn on the outside of your frying pan.

Kettles may be thoroughly cleaned by boiling potato peelings in them.

Look carefully to the drains and the kitchen sink. Use plenty of lye and sulpho-naphthal in both places.

To have a custard pie of an even, nice brown when baked, sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting into the oven.

Don't throw or drain vegetables in the sink. It will necessitate your calling the plumber, as pieces will get into the pipes.

To remove panes of glass lay soft soap over the putty which holds them, and after a few hours the putty, however hard, will become soft and easy to scrape away.

The colored Japanese straw mattings, which are so generally used as floor coverings, are best kept sweet and clean by washing with a solution of salt and water after the weekly sweeping.

One-fourth of an inch is the correct width for the hem on a tablecloth unless the cloth is woven with a border on four sides, when the hem should then be turned to make the distance between the border and edge the same as on the selvage edges.

It is much easier to prevent many of the odors that make the kitchen uninviting than it is to cure them. In cooking cabbage, onions, turnips and other unpleasant smelling vegetables, their scent is somewhat lessened by preparing them some time before it is time to cook them and placing them to soak in a cold, weak salt water. Three or four hours in this water will not injure the vegetables. When it is time to cook them they should be rinsed and fresh cold water poured over them when they are put over the fire. A scum will rise as the water heats; this should be taken off; add the salt after skimming very clean, then dash in a little cold water, which will cause another scum to rise, which must be taken off at once. Cook the vegetables uncovered—to cover strengthens the odors. One advantage of using a steamer arrangement is that it has a place for carrying vapors and odors off into the stove. There will not be such a disagreeable odor during the cooking of cabbage or cauliflower if put on in cold water to which has been added a good pinch of baking soda. They must be cooked about twenty minutes after the water reaches a boil, and the saucepan should be left uncovered during the en-

A Good Whitewash.

A good whitewash can be made by slacking half bushel of lime in warm water and enough cold water to make it thick enough to spread well. Add to the mixture half a peck of salt, and stir until dissolved. Strain through a fine sieve. This can be put on with a brush or more quickly with a spray pump if the surface is rough. A Vermorrel nozzle is often used to spread whitewash, with good results.

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